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# FRANCES, THE ORPHAN GIRL.



TRANSLATED FROM THE FRENCH,

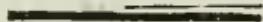
FOR

THE AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.



“When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive.”—*Ezek. xviii. 27.*

REVISED BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.



AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.

Philadelphia:

NO. 146 CHESNUT STREET.

EASTERN DISTRICT OF PENNSYLVANIA, *to wit*

BE IT REMEMBERED, that on the ninth day of April, in the fifty-second year of the Independence of the United States of America, A. D. 1828, PAUL BECK, junior, Treasurer in trust for the American Sunday School Union, of the said District, hath deposited in this office the title of a book, the right whereof he claims as proprietor, in the words following, *to wit*: FRANCES, the Orphan Girl. Translated from the French, for the American Sunday School Union.

"When the wicked man turneth away from his wickedness that he hath committed, and doeth that which is lawful and right, he shall save his soul alive."—*Ezek. xviii. 27.*

In conformity to the Act of the Congress of the United States, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies, during the times therein mentioned"—And also to the act, entitled, "An act supplementary to an act, entitled, "An Act for the Encouragement of Learning, by securing the copies of Maps, Charts, and Books, to the authors and proprietors of such copies during the times therein mentioned," and extending the benefits thereof to the Arts of designing, engraving, and etching historical and other prints."

D. CALDWELL,  
*Clerk of the Eastern District of Pennsylvania.*

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## LITTLE FRANCES.

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LITTLE FRANCES lost both her parents before she was five years old; they were so poor that at their death they left nothing at all to their little girl, who went to live with her uncle, her father's brother. Her uncle was also very poor, and, having lost his wife, he found it already very difficult to maintain his two boys, without having a little girl to pro-



vide for, and to take care of, besides. The poor man was much grieved and embarrassed about what he should do, when he met in the village where he resided, a man named James.

with whom he had become acquainted the year before, when they had worked together at the harvest.

The people who live in Auvergne, which is a province of France, where James was born, are generally very industrious and honest: but James did not resemble them. He thought himself much smarter than other people, because, instead of working for his living, he made money by deceiving others. Sometimes he would be a fortune-teller; that is to say, he would pretend to foretell to persons all that was to happen to them on the morrow, or on the days following, as if he could know it; and he met with people who were silly enough to believe him, and to pay him for his predictions. At other times he made little bundles of dried grass, and sold them to the poor people in the country, as excellent to cure the toothach, or the bite of a mad dog. When he had thus cheated persons of their money, he spent it in drinking at taverns. Then he would go on the high roads and beg; in short, he never worked, except when he could not do otherwise.

Frances' uncle told James of his distress. Frances was a very sweet looking child, and very smart for her age. "Give her to me," said James, "I have no children, and I will take care of her." The truth was, that James was at this moment begging through the country because he had expended every cent of his money for drink: and he thought it would be much more interesting to have a little girl, that he could say was his daughter, and to whom people would give a great deal more than they would to him; for every body saw that he was a stout man, and could work,



if he chose to do so. It is true that it was not very convenient for a man who had no money, and who was always travelling from place to place, to take care of a child of five years old. But James did not think of this; and besides, if he had found poor Frances was too much trouble to him, he would not have scrupled to leave her behind him on the high road.

Her uncle never thought of all these things; he was so glad to get rid of little Frances, that he did not even ask James how he would maintain her; but as he was rather ashamed thus to abandon his brother's daughter to a stranger, he gave out in the village that James was to take Frances to the place where her mother was born, and was to leave her with one of her relations, who was to bring her up. In a few weeks after she was gone, little Frances was forgotten in the village, and she thus remained in the power of James, to do whatever he pleased with her.

The first few days she found it very amusing to run about the country. James did not travel fast; because, as soon as passengers

gave him a little money on account of Frances' interesting looks, he would remain at a tavern till he had expended it. Frances did not dislike this, because, on these occasions she would get something to eat; but when James had staid too long drinking, she got tired, began to cry, and at last would fall asleep. After some time, fatigue made poor Frances fall sick: James taught her to sit on his shoulders in a kind of bag, the strings of which went round his neck, and he held them before. He begged for his sick child, and he got a great deal of money. One night, when he was drunk, he let go the strings of the bag; the poor little girl fell to the ground, hurt her head very severely, and almost put her arm out of joint. As she screamed a great deal, James, who was vexed by her cries, told her if she did not hush, he would throw her in one of the ruts by the roadside. She was very much frightened, for he had already beaten her several times when he was not sober. She stopped her screams, and continued to sob till she fell asleep by him in

a house on the road side, where he spent the night.

The next day Frances awoke with a burning fever. It is not known what James would have done; but, providentially, a man with his cart came by, and seeing the poor little girl so ill, he stopped and offered James a seat in his cart, for himself, and for his sick child. The man brought them to James' native village. Poor Frances was almost dying: she was lying with her head on one side at the bottom of the cart; her little face was all bruised by her fall, and was covered with the tears which fell from her closed eyes.

The women of the village gathered round her as they were carrying her out of the cart, and inquired whose child she was. They had always heard that James was not married, and they were much astonished to see him return with a little girl. While he was telling them some stories about his daughter, Mrs. Pratt, the sister of the rector of the village, chanced to pass by. She was an excellent woman; very charitable, and though she

was not rich, she did a great deal of good; visited the needy and the sick, and took care of them; she even sometimes worked for them, and prescribed for them when they were ill, instead of a doctor. She saw that Frances stood most in need of rest and of good food. She had her taken to James' cottage, for she believed that Frances was his daughter. She carried her some broth, a little wine, and some bed clothes for the poor child, and dressed her arm, which was dreadfully swelled. Mrs. Pratt ordered that great care should be taken of her; and as she was much beloved in the village, the people always did whatever she ordered.

James' house was inhabited by his mother. This house, which was an old cottage half pulled down, was all that she possessed, as James had forced her to sell several small fields which she had in order to give him the money. He only returned to see if she had not something left to sell; but as her house was all she had left, and if she sold that she would be obliged to sleep in the streets, she refused absolutely to sell it. James got angry, made use of

very bad words, and threatened to beat her, when the inhabitants of the village, who could not bear to see him treat his mother so horribly, drove him out, and told him that if he came back during his mother's lifetime, they would inform the judge of his detestable conduct, and have him put in prison. Frances was still too ill to accompany him; he was not sorry to get rid of her, and she remained in the village, delighted at not seeing him any more.



She lived with old Catherine, James' mother, who believing her to be her granddaughter, soon became very fond of her; and she speedily recovered her health. Catherine was not an ill natured woman, though she

had brought up her son to be so wicked; but as she was a woman of no principle, and had no knowledge of religion, when she found out her son telling lies, and stealing small things when he was a boy, she did not punish him for it, or tell him how very wrong it was to do so; so that he became worse and worse the older he grew.

Mrs. Pratt always gave Frances something when she went to see her; sometimes it was fruit, or nuts, or a little bread, butter, or cheese. Frances, who was naturally generous, always took home half of what she got, to Catherine, whom she began to love very much, especially when she compared her with James.

Catherine, who was too poor to buy good food, used to receive Frances so kindly when she brought her any thing, that the little girl went every day to try and get something for her in the village, where she was thought a very sweet child. When nothing was given to her, she would ask for what she wanted; and sometimes, when nobody saw her, she would take things without asking for them, scarcely

knowing that what she did was wrong, for no one had ever taught poor Frances to know the right from the wrong. She had never learnt the commandments, and therefore did not know how great a sin it is to steal. On the contrary, Catherine, when she received from Frances the eggs she had found, the beans she had taken from the place where they had been put to dry, or the turnips she had stolen, never inquired *how* she had got these things, but took advantage of them, and encouraged her little girl to go for more. Mrs. Pratt, it is true, often gave good advice to Frances, but as she never suspected her of being inclined to steal, she never spoke to her on the subject.

After some time, old Catherine died, and James came back to the village. As he was so very wicked, every body was sorry to see him return. Mrs. Pratt, especially, was much grieved to think what a bad example he would be for Frances; and feared that he would teach her a great many evil ways: but it was not possible to prevent him from living in his own house, and from having his own daughter (as she believed her to be) with him.

James had forbidden Frances to tell any one that she was not his child, and she was so much afraid of him that she had never done so. She cried a great deal when old Catherine died; but as three years had passed since she last saw James, she had almost forgotten how badly he had treated her. She was now eight years old; a very smart and very obliging child, always ready to do whatever she was asked, so that every body loved her; and she would have deserved their love, if it had not been for her wicked propensity to stealing, which no person had yet discovered.

Perhaps she might have got rid of it, for as she did not love James as she had done Catherine, she did not wish to bring him any thing; and she never stole things for herself. Besides, she now saw him very seldom, for he had joined himself to a band of smugglers and thieves, and he frequently remained whole days and nights away from home. Had it not been for the kindness of the inhabitants of the village, poor Frances would often have starved with hunger. One day when she complained to James that he gave her nothing to eat, he an-

swered her very roughly, that he had nothing to give her, and told her she must go and beg on the high road, where many persons would pass the next day to go to a fair in the neighbourhood. Frances at first said she would not go. James beat her severely, and told her she should not come in the house, if she brought nothing to him in the evening. Poor Frances went on the road; but the first passenger to whom she made her request refused to give her any thing; a second told her she was an idle, lazy girl; and a little boy laughed at her. Frances had often been told that she was pretty, and these compliments had made her vain; she began to cry, and returned home very sorrowfully, saying she never would go begging again. James struck her, and on the morrow he carried her himself on the high road; but as soon as he had left her, she ran away. In the evening James asked her what money was given to her. "I did not get any," said Frances, "for I did not stay on the road." James beat her again; she cried aloud, and in the midst of her tears repeated frequently that she would not expose herself

again to being called a “lazy, idle girl.” James turned her out of the house; she spent the night at the door, and in the morning, seeing her half dead with cold, “Well, will you go on the road to day?” asked he.

“Yes,” said Frances, “but I will go, never to return.”

Filled with rage, James lifted his arm to strike her. “I am going away,” said Frances, and she began to walk away very fast.

“I will shut you up,” cried James.

“So much the better,” said Frances, “then I will not have to go begging.”

James saw it was useless to try to persuade her, and that he could not make her yield; and he hastened to go to a tavern, where some of his wicked companions were waiting for him.

Frances, who saw him take his knapsack, as he always did when he was going on one of his excursions, became more calm at the thoughts that he would not return that night. She ate that day and the next what the neighbours were so kind as to give her, for they pitied her, and felt much anger against James, for

leaving his poor child to starve. On the evening of the third day, when she saw at a distance James returning, she was terribly afraid, for she remembered how dreadfully he had treated her the last evening he was at home. It was very late, and she was afraid to run away. She could not go to Mrs. Pratt for assistance, as that lady had gone from home with her brother. At last she resolved to make use of the means which had so often procured her such good treatment from old Catherine. She went to Mrs. Pratt's kitchen, saw a chicken which had been killed for the next day's dinner, and carried it off without any body seeing her. The cook, who came back soon after, thought the cat had taken her chicken. Frances, as she ran home, was very much afraid; her conscience reproached her with taking any thing from Mrs. Pratt, who was always so kind to her, and who was called every where the mother of the poor. Children are very apt to think that people who are richer than themselves can never want for any thing, and that they do them no injury by taking what they can

very well spare; not reflecting that the sin is the same, whether they steal a small thing, or one of greater value.

On her return, James received her very well, and Frances, seeing that this was the only means she had of escaping from the cruel treatment he inflicted on her, was thus more and more confirmed in her wicked habits. As James was not so easily pleased as old Catherine had been, Frances was obliged to take things of more value: these were soon missed, and suspicions began to be entertained by the good villagers. They did not however accuse Frances, for they had no positive proofs against her: but she would soon have been discovered, and she would probably have been driven away from the village with James, and then she would have been lost for ever, had it not been for an event which happened to her at this time.

Mrs. Pratt, who was anxious to take Frances away from James as much as possible, often made her come to her own house, and taught her to read. She also tried to turn her thoughts toward God; but Frances, who

had never heard of religion, and who had received such bad examples from the people she lived with, paid little or no attention to what Mrs. Pratt told her on the subject. She, however, was very glad to learn to read, because few people in the village knew how; she was grateful to Mrs. Pratt for her goodness, and therefore she seldom stole any thing from her; particularly as she was very fond of Betsey, the cook, who had told her that she had been scolded for allowing the cat to run off with the chicken; and Frances did not wish to cause her to be scolded at again.



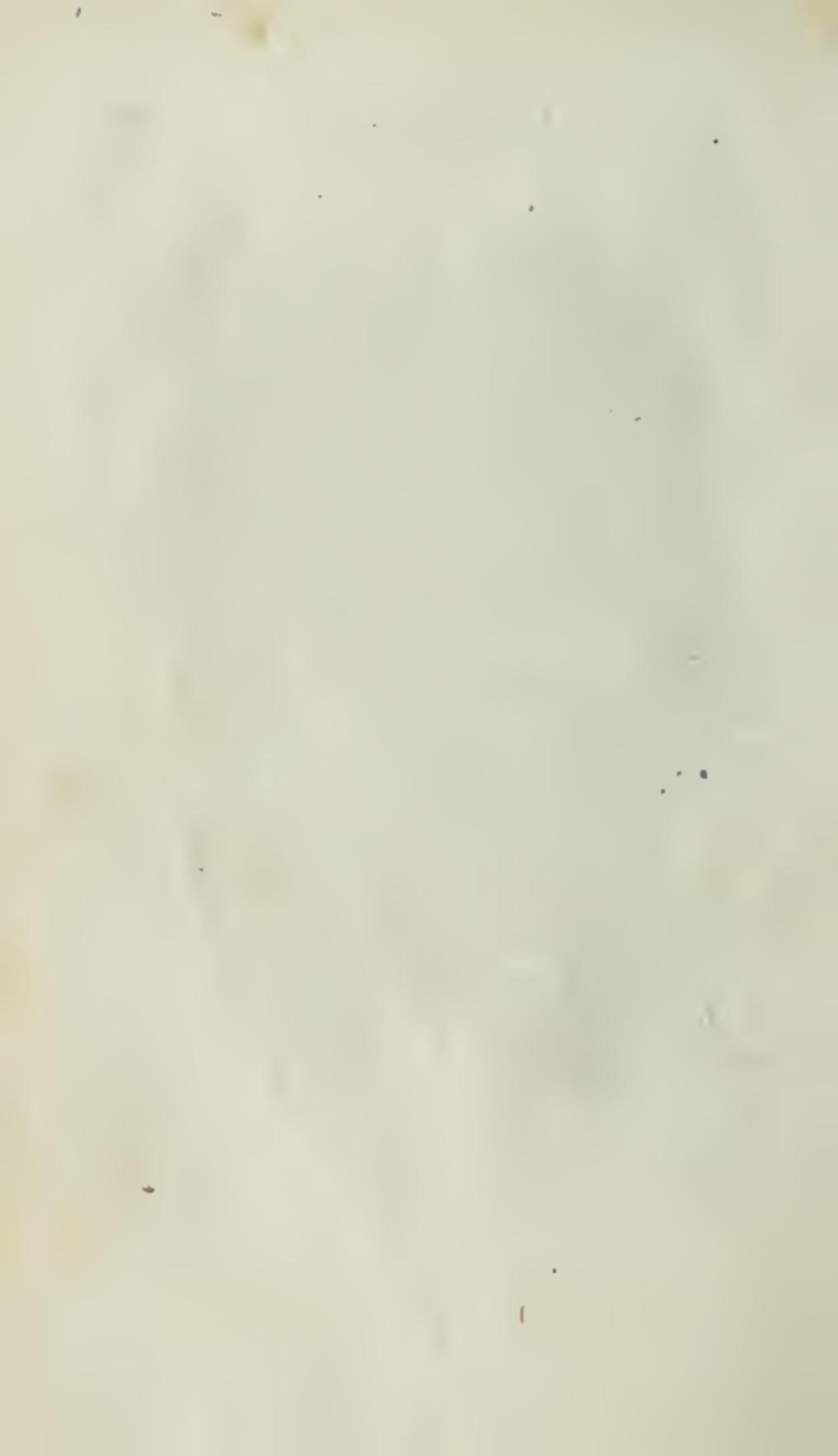
One day, when she was about nine years old, Frances came to Mrs. Pratt's, and it so happened that nobody saw her. She went on through the house without any intention of stealing, till she came to Mrs. Pratt's own room. She knocked at the door, and nobody answering, she opened it; there was no one in the room—Frances walked in, and saw on the table a dollar. She took it up and looked at it. The day before, James had brought home a quarter dollar, which he had seen fall from the pocket of a passenger, and he had spoken a great deal about his good luck. This piece of money was much larger than James'—how glad he would be to have it! And as Frances was no longer beaten, she began to love James; but still, as these thoughts came into her mind, she hesitated, for she had never stolen money, and she thought it was much worse than to take other things. The day before she had seen the constable taking a woman to prison for theft; this woman looked so cast down that Frances had felt very sorry for her, and as she thought of her she was ready to put back the dollar

on the table. Just as she was going to replace it, she fancied she heard some one coming, and she ran out of the room; but scarcely was she out, when, sorry for what she had done, she resolved to return and put back the dollar before any one could see her. As she was walking toward the house, she saw Mrs. Pratt going on before her; it was too late to take back the money without being discovered.

Frances, very much frightened, hid herself, and waited till Mrs. Pratt had gone into the house: she then left her hiding place, and walked away very slowly. She no longer intended to give the money to James, and began to form various plans for replacing it on the table when Mrs. Pratt should be absent again.

As she was going on, holding the dollar tight in her hand, she met James, who bade her carry home a bundle of sticks which he held. In taking up the sticks, Frances dropped the money—James seized it. “Ah ha!” said he, “where did you get this dollar?” and without waiting for her answer he





carried it away. Poor Frances did not dare to run after him, nor to call him back, for she was afraid that the people who were passing would ask her by what chance she had a dollar. She remained sitting on the bundle of sticks, weeping bitterly, and she would then have given a great deal not to have committed this wicked action. At this moment she saw the clergyman coming toward her, and she hastily wiped away her tears. Without perceiving that she had been crying, the good man bade her run to his house for his cane, which he had forgotten. The idea of seeing Mrs. Pratt, whom she knew to be at home, made her tremble. However, the minister was waiting, and she was forced to obey; she began to walk slowly, but he begged her to go fast: she made up her mind, and ran into the house, where she found Mrs. Pratt looking very much shocked, and the cook in tears; poor Frances began to tremble.

“ You may say whatever you please, Betsey,” said Mrs. Pratt in a severe tone, “ you are the only person who has been in this room while I was away, and I am certain I left

that dollar on my table when I went out.”

Betsey began to protest her innocence.

“Hush!” said Mrs. Pratt; “since some time I have noticed that several little things were missing. I will allow you to stay in my house till to-morrow, but, until then, I will watch you so closely, that it will be impossible for you to take advantage of your stay by adding to your thefts.”

The unhappy girl began to sob aloud, and hid her face in her hands: Frances also cried, but had not the courage to confess her wickedness. She however besought Mrs. Pratt so earnestly not to condemn Betsey, that this lady, who was much softened by the despair of the poor girl, turned to her again.

“Betsey,” said she, “perhaps want has obliged you to commit this theft; if this is the case, I will forgive you, on condition you tell me the whole truth.”

Betsey once more exclaimed she was innocent.

“Leave the room,” said Mrs. Pratt angrily. Betsey fell on her knees in the middle

of the room. "See, Frances," said Mrs. Pratt, "to what a state we may be brought by committing a wicked action."

Frances hid her face in her apron; she was on the point of speaking, but she looked at Mrs. Pratt, and her courage left her.

"See the evil you have done!" continued Mrs. Pratt, turning to Betsey, "it was the last dollar of which I could at this moment dispose, and I had promised it to poor Bernard, that he might pay the doctor to come and see his wife, who is dying."

"I did not take it," cried Betsey; but Mrs. Pratt did not listen to her. Frances ran out of the house: she looked every where for James—he was not at home. She followed him to the tavern, where she arrived out of breath.

"Oh!" cried she, "I beseech you to give me back the dollar you took from me!"

James, who was already drunk, rose in a terrible fury, and gave her a violent blow, which threw her down.

"Give it to me! give it to me!" cried she, without getting up, and holding out her arms

toward him. James would have continued to ill treat her, but the people who were present interfered, and put her out of the house, locking the door after her. Leaning against the door, she begged them to open it. Nobody opened it, so she resolved to wait till James came out to go home; and she sat down on a bench, where she cried herself to sleep. When she awoke, it was the middle of the night; she did not hear any one stirring in the tavern, and she returned home. James was already there, but buried in the heavy sleep which follows intoxication.—Frances found it impossible to awaken him. She sat down on her bed, and spent the rest of the night in crying, and reflecting on what she had done. She remembered what Mrs. Pratt had told her about the great and good God, "*who is of purer eyes than to behold iniquity,*" and for the first time she felt what a wicked child she had been. Frances had been taught to say her prayers, but she said them like a task, not thinking of what she was saying; very often too, she omitted saying them altogether. But at this moment

she threw herself on her knees, and prayed sincerely, that God would forgive her, and give her strength to confess the wicked action she had committed.



As soon as daylight appeared, James awoke. Frances again besought him to give her the

dollar. “The dollar!” said James, in a stupid tone, for he was not yet quite sober. “Ha!” added he with a shocking oath, “it is all gone! I have not a cent of it left.”

Frances left him, and took the road to the parsonage, resolved to tell Mrs. Pratt the truth, rather than Betsey should lose her place. As she drew near the house, her courage forsook her, and she hoped that perhaps Mrs. Pratt would have forgiven Betsey, and that she would not be obliged to acknowledge what she had done.

She met Betsey in the garden, leaning against the wall. “Well, Betsey, said she, “have you made up with Mrs. Pratt?”

“No!” said Betsey, in the most desponding tone, every body in the village will take me for a thief, and Bernard will think that I am the cause of his wife’s death!”

“Where is Mrs. Pratt?” cried Frances, “I must see her immediately.” As she was running toward the house in search of her, Mrs. Pratt came out: Frances threw herself on her knees before her: “I took the dollar! forgive Betsey!” cried she. Mrs.

Pratt and Betsey remained motionless with surprise. Frances continued sobbing violently. Mrs. Pratt, turning to her, said, in a severe tone, "do you tell me the truth, Frances?"

"Ask my father," said Frances, hiding her face with her hands.

"And what did you do with the money?"

"My father took it from me," said she, still sobbing, "I begged him to give it back to me that I might return it to you, but he had spent it all." At these words she began to cry again.

"Betsey," said Mrs. Pratt, "will you forgive me for accusing you of having committed such a wicked action?"

"Oh madam! don't mention it! I am too *too* happy!" said Betsey; and taking Frances by the hand, she began to beg Mrs. Pratt to forgive her.

"No, no!" cried Frances, "poor Bernard! I shall never forgive myself!"

"Frances," said Mrs. Pratt, "I am goin to Bernard's—you must come with me."

“Oh no!” said Frances, “pray, pray, do not make me go!”

“I will have it so; wipe your eyes, and follow me.”

Frances did not dare to disobey. When they arrived, Bernard came and opened the door for them.

He looked very sorrowful—“Madam,” said he, “you must permit me to go for the doctor this morning. My wife is no better, and is very anxious to see him.”

“Let us go in,” said Mrs. Pratt; and she let go the hand of Frances, who immediately ran off as fast as she could. She had made up her mind; and when she came to the end of the village, she took the road which led to the doctor’s house. He resided at a little distance from the village; Frances knew the house, and continuing to run, she soon arrived there.

As soon as she saw the doctor, she began to cry, “Oh! do come and see the wife of poor Bernard! Mrs. Pratt had only one dollar to pay you for your visit, and I took it! If you



do not come, she will die without help! do come quick!" said she, pulling him by the coat. Astonished at her earnestness, the doctor questioned her; she told him all that had happened to her, and seeing her so truly sorry for what she had done, he felt much for her, and promised that he would go to see Bernard's wife without being paid for his visit. Frances, delighted, wanted him to set off on foot with her; but at length he persuaded her, that he would be able to go much faster in his carriage, and said he would get ready while his man harnessed the horse. When they arrived at Bernard's, his poor

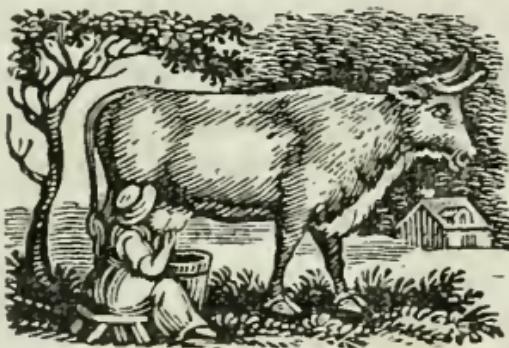
wife was so ill, that nobody noticed Frances. But the doctor having given her something, she became better. Mrs. Pratt then asked him how he happened to come so soon, and what was the reason that Bernard had not returned with him.

“I have not seen Bernard, Madam,” replied the doctor, “it was this little girl who came for me,” and he turned to Frances, seeing that Mrs. Pratt looked very much displeased with her. He told her all that Frances had done, and he begged Mrs. Pratt to forgive her.

After a little hesitation, Mrs. Pratt called Frances to her—“promise me that you will never again be guilty of such wickedness, and I will forgive you.”

Frances gave the promise required, and she kept it faithfully. Some time after, James was found out in a robbery, and he was obliged to leave the country, else he would have been put in prison. It was also discovered that Frances was not his daughter. He had said so when he was drunk, and when she was questioned about it, she told the truth.

The doctor, who had been much pleased to see her anxiety about Bernard's wife, took her to live with him. She milked his cows,



and took care of the poultry; and as she grew older, she became very useful in his house. As the doctor was a very pious and sensible man, Frances had only excellent examples in his house. His wife took great pains in giving her religious instructions.

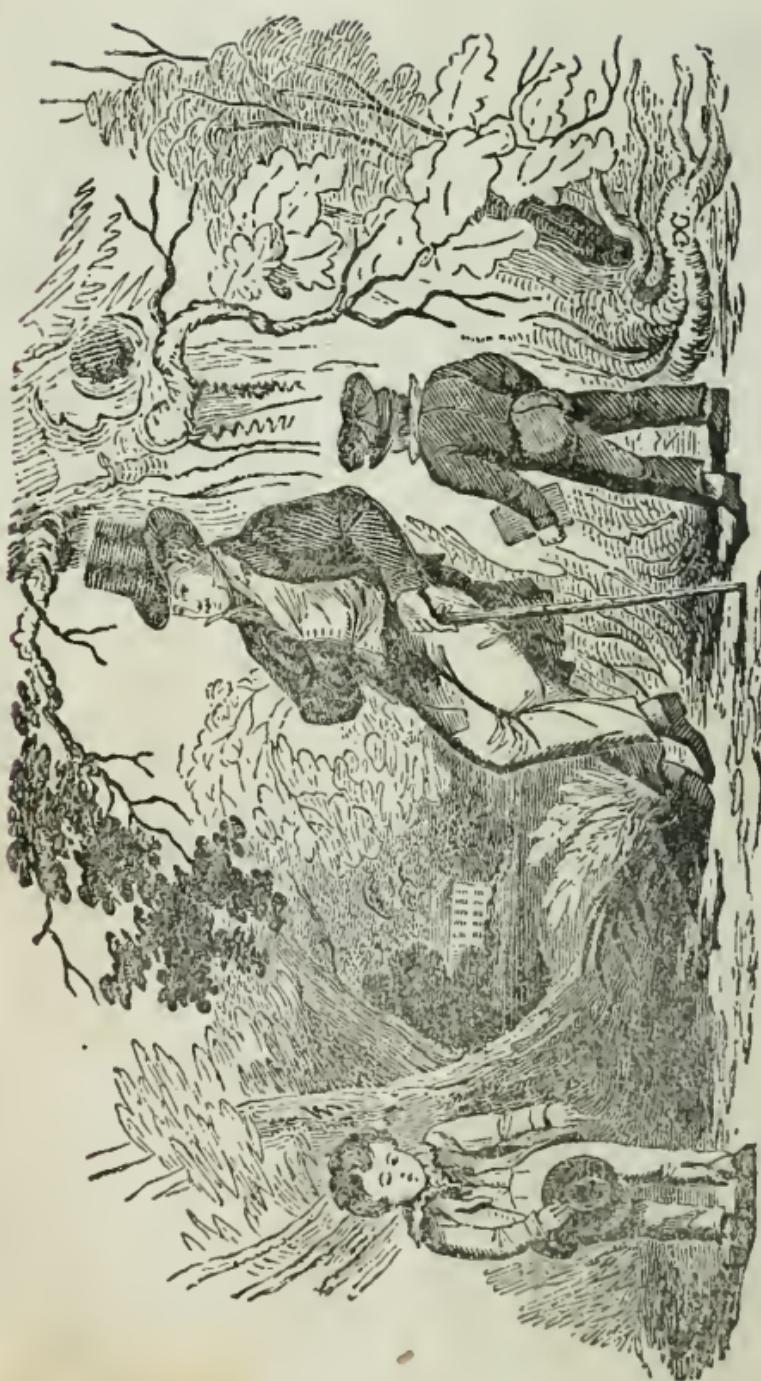
Once a week Frances attended the Sunday school in the village; she paid so much attention to what her teacher said, and profited so much by his counsels, that she grew up to be a very good and pious young woman, and was greatly beloved in the village.

Such is the history of FRANCES the ORPHAN

GIRL. Children, who have read it, be thankful if you have opportunities to go to Sunday school, where you can learn to keep God's commandments; but above all things, be thankful to your heavenly Father, "*from whom is every good and perfect gift,*" and recollect that the best way of showing your gratitude to HIM, is to "*Cease to do evil,*" and to "*Learn to do well.*"







THE

# BOW IN THE CLOUD

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WRITTEN FOR THE AMERICAN S. S. UNION, AND REVISED  
BY THE COMMITTEE OF PUBLICATION.

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AMERICAN SUNDAY SCHOOL UNION.  
PHILADELPHIA:  
NO. 146 CHESNUT STREET.

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ENTERED according to the Act of Congress, in the year 1831,  
by PAUL BECK, Jr. Treasurer, in trust for the American Sunday  
School Union, in the Clerk's Office of the District Court, of the  
Eastern District of Pennsylvania.

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THE  
BOW IN THE CLOUD.



JOHN and Henry were returning together from school, when a very heavy shower of rain came on. They were not near any house; so they were glad to run under some large trees that grew not far from the side of the road. As the branches and leaves were very thick over their heads, the rain did not come through,

only in one or two places, where it fell in large drops. But they stood close together, and put their books under their coats, and kept pretty dry. Here they stood for some time, talking about one thing and another, till they began to think that it would rain all night.

“I wish it would stop raining,” said Henry: “I am quite tired of standing here.”

“It will soon be over,” replied John: “and then the grass will look so fresh, and the flowers will smell so sweet after the shower, that the rest of our walk will be delightful. I like to see the rain fall, because I know that God sends it to make things look green, and grow fast. But I think

that it will stop raining soon. Don't you see that bright spot in the sky yonder?"

John thought right; for very soon the rain ceased to patter upon the leaves, and the clouds flew swiftly away; and the little boys knew, by the appearance of the sky, that the shower was over. So they came out from under the tree, and went towards the road again. Just as they were climbing over the fence, the sun shone out very pleasantly, and a beautiful rainbow was right before them.

"Oh, look, brother!" said John, "what a lovely rainbow! How large and bright it seems; and it is quite near us!"

A man who was riding by, heard

what he said, and replied, “ Yes, 'tis very near; and if you run to the place where the end of it stands on the ground, you will find a pot of money.”



“ Which end, sir,” said Henry. But the man was out of hearing ; for

he did not mean that it was so, and did not think that the boys would believe what he said. But people ought not to tell what they know is not true for the sake of making fun. For children and ignorant people are very often deceived by such foolish speeches.

Now Henry was a silly boy, and, I fear, a little too fond of money. He stood quite still ; and looked first at one end of the rainbow, and then at the other, and did not know what to do. His brother seeing him act in this manner, said to him, “ Come, we shall be late if we do not go home.”

“ What of that ? ” said Henry  
“ If we take home a pot of money

with us, will not that be a good excuse for staying out a little? I wish that I knew at which end of the rainbow it is!"

"I do not think it is at either end," said John; "for I have seen rainbows in so many different places, that, if what the man said is true, we could hardly walk a mile any way without stumbling over a pot of money."

Henry did not mind what his brother was saying; but went on talking to himself. "That end," said he, "is certainly the nearest to me, but then it is on the other side of the water and the man must have known that I could not get there. The other end is a good way off, to be sure, and on the top of the hill. But a pot of

money is worth trying for, and I'll have a run for it. Here, John, hold my book; and if you keep it safe, perhaps I will give you a handful of the money ;" and away he ran over the bushes and the ditches. John followed him a little way, calling him back, but Henry thought that he wanted to get before him, and get the money himself. So he ran faster than before; and John gave over the chase.

The place where Henry began to run, was not far from the house of a good man, who happened to be walking out to enjoy the freshness of the air after the rain. He saw Henry start off in such a hurry; and as he knew how foolish children sometimes

are about such things, he partly guessed what he was after. So he turned a little, and came out on the road just in time to meet John, who was quietly going towards his home. John made him a low bow, which the man returned, and then asked him where his brother was.

“He is gone to fetch a pot of money, sir.”

“A pot of money!”

“Yes, sir; or, at least, to look for one;” and John told him what had happened. The man could hardly help smiling, when he turned and saw poor Henry at a good distance, sitting on the top of a gate, and looking about in all directions for the rainbow, which had gone out of sight.

while he was crawling through some bushes. He did not sit there long,



however, but jumped down on the other side, and continued to run up the hill.

“Is it true that there is a pot of money there?” said John; who knew

that the kind man would not be displeased at his asking a question.

“No,” replied the man; “your brother will be disappointed, in the same manner that all people are who expect to get rich with so little trouble. God never promised riches to any one who tries to find them in such ways. He did not give us the rainbow to help us find money; and whenever we see it, we ought to think of something better than money, or any thing else in this world.”

“It is a very beautiful thing;” said John.

“It is, indeed; and we must not forget the purpose for which God made it. I hope that you remember it.”

“ Yes, sir ; I have read about it in Genesis. God made an agreement with Noah, and set his bow in the clouds : ‘ And God said unto Noah, this is the token of the covenant, which I have established between me and all flesh that is upon the earth.’ ”

“ Right : the wickedness of all the world was so dreadful, that God determined to destroy, with a great flood, every living creature, excepting Noah and those who were shut up in the ark with him. That was a dreadful punishment ; and, on account of the evil there is around us, and of the wickedness of our own hearts, we should be in constant fear of another such flood, if God had not promised that there should be no more like it.”

“Can you tell me, sir, what the rainbow is made of?”

“The rainbow is made by the rays of the sun falling on the watery cloud, and then reflected towards us. I suppose you have seen boys hold up a piece of looking-glass to the sun, and so send the light in another place. This is called reflecting the light. But when light is reflected by a glass we do not have such fine colours. They are made by going through water. You may sometimes see such colours when the sun shines through a glass of water. The great beauty of the rainbow, and its place in the sky, are meant to draw our attention; and to make us think of Him who is above the skies, ruling over all.

And as it comes after the falling of the rain, it is very natural for us to remember God's promise, that he will not drown the world any more. But still those who do not keep God's commandments, will be dreadfully punished in the world to come, although they should not be drowned by a terrible flood now."

John looked down, and, at last, said: "I am afraid, sir, sometimes, that God will punish me in the world to come; for, though I am but young, I know that I do nothing but sin against His commandments."

The man looked very kindly on him, and replied, "I am glad that you know so well that you are sinful; and I hope that it will lead you to

pray continually that the Lord will change that evil heart, in which there is no good thing, into the humble heart of an obedient child. There would be no hope for us after this life, if God had not given us a better covenant than that which he gave Noah. I mean that promise which he has given us of salvation by Jesus Christ. So, whenever we look upon the rainbow stretched over the earth, and think of God's promise, that he will not drown the world, let us also think of the Saviour of men, and God's promise, that those who believe in him shall not be punished in the world to come."

By this time, Henry, who had turned back, was come within a short distance of them; and the good man

waited until he could overtake them. He looked foolish enough. (*See frontispiece.*) His clothes were torn, and his face very red, and he was quite out of breath.

“ Well, my lad,” said the man, “ where is your money ?”

“ The rainbow was gone, sir, and I could not find where it had stood.”

“ And if you had found the place, do you think you should have found a pot of money there ?”

“ Why, I don’t know, sir. But there would be no harm in looking.”

“ Yes, my child, there is more harm than you suppose in such things. In the first place, you felt a desire for what was not your own; and ‘ The love of money is the root of all

evil.' And, in the next place, you have abused your clothes, and that is an injury to your parents, who are not able to get new clothes for you every day. Look at them, and think if this foolish run of yours has not done you some harm."

Henry looked more ashamed, and said nothing.

"But your mind," continued his friend, "is injured too. For you felt angry and disappointed when you found your labour was in vain. And if the rainbow had remained in sight all day, you would gladly have given up your time, neglected your studies and your work, and exposed your health and limbs in following after the object of your wishes."

“ But, sir, a pot of money would have paid for all.”

“ No ; it would do you no good. It would only make you proud, idle, unhappy, and forgetful of God. Because the more you have of this world’s goods, the more you set your heart on them, and the less you seek after heavenly blessings. ‘ Where your treasure is, there will your heart be also.’ And, besides, after a while, your riches might be lost ; and then you would have no relish for better things, after thinking so much of the dust of the earth. If riches were good for us, would the blessed Jesus, who makes himself our pattern, have chosen a life of poverty ? And would he have said, ‘ It is easier for a

camel to go through the eye of a needle, than for a rich man to enter the kingdom of heaven?"—See the lover of riches bending his knees before his god!"



"Are there no good rich men, sir?"

"Yes, there are many, in whom the love of God has overcome the love

of this present evil world. But these men do not set their hearts upon money, and would be willing, if it were God's pleasure, to give up all that they possess. And they wish to make use of what they have, in such a manner as they think would please Him from whom they receive it. But whoever has riches, should pray much that he may be kept from covetousness, and that God would enable him to overcome every temptation which comes with wealth. Therefore it is very foolish for any one to wish to be rich ; because he will be likely to do many wrong things to gratify that wish. Do you know, Henry, what Judas did for thirty pieces of silver ?”

“ He betrayed his Master, sir.”

“ Yes ; he committed a sin which it is dreadful to think of, for a handful of money, because he *loved* money. And for the same cause wicked Ba laam would have cursed the children of Israel, and delivered them up to a cruel heathen king. Take warning from them, and never do any thing for money which it is not right for you to do. If you always remember this, as I hope you will, the rainbow has been the means of giving you a good lesson ; and I pray to God that his works may always lead you to his word, and that both may teach you how to live, in such a manner as to enjoy him for ever.”

THE END



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